

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



ON THE WAY TO THE CASTLE.

## THE EXILES OF SALZBURG.

CHAPTER V.

For many weeks Manlicken was confined to his bed, gradually though slowly recovering from the serious injuries which he had sustained. In order to relieve his active mind from the weariness which oppressed it, Barbara frequently read to him out of Hans Weileidner's Bible. Thus it happened that the father's eyes were frequently fixed upon the reader's countenance. It forcibly occurred to him, at last, that in all probability he himself had occasioned the wan and

pallid appearance of his child, formerly so blooming. Frequently he would seize her hand and press it long and fervently; as frequently Barbara experienced pangs, not less acute from her disappointed love for Hans than from the consciousness that she had erred against her parent, for she had felt happy in the evil surmise and naughty hope, against which she had nevertheless struggled with all her power, that in consequence of her father's misfortune the detested marriage would be necessarily deferred. Nay, she had even permitted a gentle whisper from the inmost recesses of her heart, to steal upon her, that by the death of her father, for

whom she felt, nevertheless, great affection, she would be freed from a suitor whom she found it impossible to love. To atone for this evil thought she directed all her care and tenderness to the sufferer, to whom her assiduity appeared to restore composure. And thus it also happened that Catherine, the faithful and loving wife and mother, felt her affection deepen still more when she perceived the bonds of cordial love more intimately uniting the parent and child. This soothing peace augmented Manlicken's contentment. At times he would anxiously inquire after his domestic affairs, and the progress of the farm, when from the mother's lips, eloquent in praise, he would learn how skilfully and industriously Hans attended to the business, occupying himself from an early hour in the morning until late at night, so that the neighbours could not sufficiently admire the ability and experience of so young a man. On such occasions a mild beam of satisfaction illumined Manlicken's countenance; but still brighter was the ray which shone from the eyes of the delighted daughter.

Peter, the intended bridegroom, alone disturbed the tranquillity of the united family. At first he was certainly moved by his kinsman's misfortune, and had vowed to ruin the Warden, who was the cause of injury to Manlicken. But he became gradually less incensed on that account, and now bitterly complained that his happiness should be so long deferred. At last he proposed that the marriage ceremony should be performed by the bedside of the patient, alleging that he would then be invested with a greater right to superintend the husbandry, and his affairs generally. Moreover, he urged that by an early wedding it would be unnecessary to make other preparations for a feast, whereas, if it were put off, the viands already procured, which had been sufficiently expensive, would thus be rendered wholly useless.

To these reiterated proposals Manlicken did not answer a syllable, but always sank into serious and placid meditation. At length, when Peter could not but perceive the increasing satisfaction of both mother and daughter at the unceasing exertions of Hans, he would angrily seize his gun and roam about the whole day.

Neighbours and friends from distant parts continued to visit the patient. Even Father Grinselm appeared with his pot of holy water and aspersory to console his penitent. Yet the latter by no means derived edification from this source. The priest conversed with him, and declaimed against that execrable Lutheranism, which was secretly spreading wider and wider over the land, and which had already caused a considerable diminution of his income. This reflection would throw him into a paroxysm of rage, in which he would pace the room, uttering loud complaints and revilings, totally forgetting the intention of his visit and the condition of the sufferer.

Besides these visitors, George Frommer came now and then, and on those occasions Manlicken gave orders that they should be left alone, and he would turn the conversation upon worldly riches, although he well knew that Frommer always expressed himself very strongly on this text, and severely reprobated the covetousness of the opulent. "They who covet riches," observed Frommer, "fall into temptation and snares. Thou canst not serve both God and Mammon. Art thou acquainted with the story of the rich man and Lazarus? How the beggar was borne by angels into Abraham's bosom, while the rich man passed into torment? Wilt thou too surrender the hope of eternal joy for the mere enjoyment of worldly happiness?

And why should we so much prize earthly prosperity? Speak for thyself, Manlicken, whether, notwithstanding all thy riches, thou hast felt so perfectly contented as to have nothing more to desire? Does not the approaching thunderstorm fill thee with anxious fear for thy property? or the possibility of a hailstorm alarm thee for the safety of thy crops? Dost thou think an accidental or intentional conflagration, or a destructive murrain amongst thy cattle, is impossible? Was it not thy wealth which excited the ill-will of the Warden, and eventually threw thee on a bed of pain and sickness, rendering thy daughter and poor Hans truly wretched? If we have food and raiment, let us be therewith content."

Conversations of this nature did not fail to affect the docile Manlicken. At a later period of his convalescence, a number of the friends of the Gospel assembled at his house, generally at night, when the Bible, drawn from its place of concealment, was read and expounded by Anthony Wallner. Peter was then snoring above in his chamber; Catherine, Barbara, and even Hans, though fatigued with work, were constant and attentive hearers on such occasions.

#### CHAPTER VI.

It was a kind of jubilee amongst all the inmates of the Schüppelhof when Manlicken, having recovered from his wounds, made his first appearance in public, accompanied by his family. Never had the air appeared to him so invigorating, or the aspect of nature presented more attractive charms. In the barns and stables, in the fields and meadows, wherever he turned his eyes, the excellent order in which he found everything drew forth his warmest approbation of Hans, who blushed and looked sheepish under such well-merited praises. For several succeeding days Manlicken was occupied in surveying his estate, taking an inventory of all his property, numbering the stores, casting up accounts, and, in short, making all those preparations which seemed indicative of an intention to deliver the Schüppelhof, with its lands and implements of husbandry in the best condition, into the hands of a purchaser.

One fine morning, some worthy farmers, whom he was expecting, called on him, and were received with great cordiality. Soon afterwards, attended by his family and the whole of his household, together with his friends, all dressed in their best attire, he left the mansion, which, during his absence, he committed to the care of the village watchmen. With firm and measured steps, and casting kind and friendly looks upon the bystanders, Manlicken walked at the head of the party. They now approached the church, the bell of which had long been heard through the fresh morning air, ringing the matins.

"Praise be to Heaven!" cried the powerful voice of the priest. "Come in on this holy day, for the sake of our Holy Lady and the blessed Patron!"

"Praise be to Heaven!" responded Peter, with delight, bending his steps to the church door; but the rest of the company, following Manlicken's example, after reverently bending their heads, proceeded on their way, leaving the bewildered Peter standing before the priest, who began loudly reviling the heretics. Beckoned by Manlicken, Peter rejoined the company, but with a mind greatly perplexed at their conduct. Thus they advanced for a long way amongst the mountains, until at last they came in sight of a lofty and precipitous rock, upon which arose a stronghold, defended by high walls, towers, pinnacles, battlements and loopholes. This fortress was the castle of Werffen, the residence of the

rigorous Warden, the Baron Von Motzel. The procession in a long file passed up the narrow winding path that led to the castle. It was not, however, until they had given in their names, and the cause of their visit, together with assurances that they were unarmed, that the drawbridge was lowered for their entrance.

In the spacious judgment-hall, on an elevated seat under a canopy, the powerful baron was enthroned; two scribes were seated near him, who, for want of other employment, were industriously mending their pens. After the usual salutation of respect, Manlicken stepped forward, and solicited a patient hearing.

"What brings thee hither on a day on which no suits are preferred?" said the Warden. "Though I have certainly been apprised of thy visit, I am still ignorant of its motive. I understand that thou hast been ill for some time? Perhaps the near approach of death has induced thee to make thy last will? Yet for what purpose is this numerous attendance?"

"Thou hast almost divined the true nature of my business, Baron Von Motzel. It actually does relate to a will, although not my own, but that of my deceased kinsman, Andrew Pommer."

"He that left thee the beautiful Schüppelhof and all its appurtenances?"

"Just so," said Manlicken, "and I now appear before your worship, in order to cancel it before these respectable witnesses."

"How! do I rightly understand thee?"

"Assuredly; but first allow me a little explanation."

These words produced the greatest astonishment in the minds of all present. Even his own relations were surprised; but Manlicken calmly continued: "Your worship may probably remember, that both my parents died when I was very young, leaving me only a small cottage in the village and a plot of ground for my support. I was an orphan of eleven years of age when my wealthy kinsman, Andrew Pommer, took me to his home. He wished to have me as a substitute for a worthless youth, his only son, who, after having inflicted every possible grief upon his father's heart, absconded, leaving no trace of where he had gone. He was sought for in several countries, but without the desired intelligence being obtained. The conjecture of the elder Pommer, that his son might no longer be in existence, was duly confirmed by the report of an imperial sergeant-major who visited the Schüppelhof. He averred that he had known young Pommer, who enlisted as a musketeer, and had died in a hospital within a few weeks of his arrival at Vienna. My kinsman therefore bequeathed his estate to me. About twelve years ago, towards the close of a stormy day in autumn, a man, miserably clad, leading a little boy trembling with cold and hunger, came to the house and urgently besought shelter, which was freely given to him. The poor creatures, after having eagerly swallowed the food set before them, and drunk a little wine, withdrew to their room, where, overcome by fatigue, they both fell into a profound and deathlike slumber. About midnight I was aroused by cries of agony. I sprang hastily from my bed, and went into the adjoining chamber, into which the strangers had been shown. There I found the boy still in a sound sleep, but the father was struggling in the powerful grasp of death. With his last breath he implored me to take care of his child, whose certificate of baptism he had with him; and before medical aid could arrive his soul had departed from its frail tenement. The stranger, as I discovered from his passport and marriage certificate, proved to be no other than old Pommer's fugitive son, and the boy,

his child, is the same lame Peter who now stands in your worship's presence, and whose name is, therefore, not Döbel, but Pommer."

When the assembly had a little recovered from their astonishment, Manlicken resumed the thread of his narrative, and thus continued:—"I conscientiously discharged the duty I had undertaken, I treated the little boy as my own child, allowing him to choose the employment for which he evinced most inclination. A secret voice, however, continually admonished me that I no longer possessed the Schüppelhof by right, and that it belonged in reality to the grandson of the testator. I confessed my doubts and scruples to Father Grinselm, and received absolution; I gave much and often to the church, and also to the poor; but it was all in vain, the voice within my heart never ceased to be heard. In order to ensure peace of mind, I decided on giving Peter Pommer my daughter in marriage, with the estate as a dowry; and I was on the point of sacrificing my poor child Barbara to my selfish views, but I thank God that my fall from the raft into the Salza preserved my soul from a still more fatal abyss. In thy presence, then, my lord baron, and before these witnesses, I surrender to Peter Pommer all my claims to the Schüppelhof;" and then addressing the bewildered Peter, he said, "I have never been idle, as thou well knowest, cousin Peter; but whatever I have acquired since I have had possession of this property, thou wilt find duly accounted for to a penny. Enjoy thy estate in peace. Catherine, my beloved wife, thou wilt surely not repine at exchanging the stately dwelling for an humble cottage, since thy husband by that means preserves his soul from danger. And thou, my good Barbara, wilt not thou rejoice, since thou canst now select the partner of thy heart? We are now become poor, but we shall not feel the pressure of want. One word more, Peter; let me commend to thy care the cattle of the Schüppelhof, from the powerful steer to the smallest chicken. Do not unnecessarily cut down the tall and beautiful pine-trees in the wood, but endeavour to improve the meadows and fields. I earnestly commit my late servants to thy protection; faithful, honest, young men; painstaking and active maidens. Above all, take care of the good Hans Weinleidtner. To him leave the arrangement of thy property. He is another Joseph, in whose hands everything prospers with a twofold increase. And now, my children," addressing the servants, who stood amazed, "give me your hands in farewell greeting to me, and I pray you to offer them to your new master, in token of that fidelity which you must render to him."

Old and young, with interrupting sobs, obeyed the directions of their beloved master; but when it came to Weinleidtner's turn to give his hand to Peter, he said, sullenly, "No, I will never do that, I will continue to be thy servant, Manlicken."

"Hans, that cannot be," said Manlicken. "I scarcely know whether I can find bread enough for my own family, much less can I keep a servant in my cottage."

"Where there is enough for five there is enough for six," said Hans. "Besides, I do not require wages, at least in money," casting a significant glance at Barbara, who, fully comprehending his meaning, blushed deeply. "Make no objections, sir, thou art still weak from illness, and cannot yet bear fatigue. Let me at all events set thy affairs in order, and then we can arrange further."

"Give me thy hand, my good Hans," cried Manlicken, with emotion, "and thou too, Barbara," and joining both their hands together he said, "Be lovers in the eyes of the world as ye have hitherto been in your



hearts towards each other. I here betroth ye, for ye are worthy of one another. In good truth, my friends," he added, addressing the witnesses, "I have already enjoyed more satisfaction from this decision and arrangement than the entire Schüppelhof is worth."

The Warden now beckoned the speaker aside. "A word with thee, Manlicken," he said, in a whisper. "What has become of the bond for four hundred florins which thou hadst from me? In thine altered circumstances it can no longer be of any use to thee. As a prudent man, thou comprehendest my meaning. Wilt thou return it to me at once?"

But Manlicken, surprised at the demand, answered him, "Your worship, the amount being the produce of the Schüppelhof, it henceforth belongs to Peter Pommer, the rightful proprietor. I have, therefore, put him in possession of the document, and I have no longer any concern in the affair."

His face flushing with anger, the baron exclaimed, "Thou art ignorant as a child——"

"Yes, your worship," said Manlicken, interrupting him, "and I will continue even as a child, for 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Dost thou pay the expenses of this foolish business?" was the question the Warden now addressed to Peter Pommer, who, starting as if from a dream, made an awkward bow, and replied, with all humility, "As your worship pleases."

The latter, muttering something between his teeth, dismissed all the company excepting Peter, whom he called back from the assemblage. Much as the latter dreaded the wicked Warden, yet he was glad to find himself freed from the presence of Manlicken, who, although he had given him a beautiful estate, thus cruelly refused him his beautiful daughter. He felt quite at a loss to know in what manner he should behave towards him—whether to thank or to upbraid him.

But Manlicken, with a contented mind displayed on his countenance, turning, ere their homeward journey, to Anthony Wallner, who had been present at the transaction, inquired whether his conduct had met with his approbation. With earnestness Wallner replied, "Thou hast only done thy duty, Manlicken, and even after we have accomplished that, we ought still to confess ourselves unprofitable servants."

Afflicted at this severe sentence, Manlicken, whose pleasing anticipations were somewhat disappointed, cast his eyes on the ground and remained silent.

"Do not misunderstand me," the scribe mildly said, by way of comfort to him. "Thou hast taken a great step towards thy peace in yielding up so cheerfully the property of which thou wert unjustly possessed; but if thou wouldst be fully worthy of our Saviour thou shouldst be ready to offer him everything—fortune, wife, child, and even thy life. Art thou capable of this?"

Manlicken pensively gazed on all who were dear to him, and then meekly replied, "I will not tempt the Lord, and therefore I leave thy question unanswered. His will be done; praised be his name."

#### HOW THE PRESIDENT IS ELECTED.\*

ON the third day of this month the people of the United States will make their choice of a new President; and on the fourth of March, 1869, the successful candidate will be inaugurated, in as much state as

\* We are indebted for this paper to Mr. George M. Towle, of the American Consular service.

republican principles will admit of, at the national Capitol, surrounded by the official dignitaries of the nation and by the envoys of foreign powers. The workings of American politics are so little understood in England—and indeed they are somewhat confusing to Americans themselves—that this seems a proper time to explain by what process the highest officer of the republic is chosen. The steps by which the result is reached are gradual and various: let us begin at the beginning, and briefly follow the "movement" which results in the choice of a President, until that end is reached. The final election taking place in the autumn, the subject begins to be mooted in the preceding winter. The two great parties—Republican and Democratic—begin to bestir themselves to look about for a candidate, and to "pull the wires" for the purpose of securing that man as their nominee who is most likely at once to catch the popular vote, and faithfully to carry out the principles of the party if elected to the chief office. When the time approaches for the election, of course there are a number of men in both parties spoken of as candidates, and between whom the preliminary choice is to be made.

The first thing to understand is, that the profession of politics in America is carried on entirely by nominations, caucuses, and conventions; and that it is very rarely that any candidate proposes himself to the people for any office, however insignificant, unless he has received the formal nomination of a convention of his party. In England, the candidates for Parliament propose themselves, or their friends propose for them; there is no mustering of the party to which they belong in formal convention, no balloting for candidates of the party, no majority of a convention necessary to a man in order that he may stand a fair chance of being elected. The first movement in America, in view of an approaching presidential election, is to call a ward-meeting of the party—each of the two parties holding separate meetings, of course—in the cities, or a "town-meeting" in country towns. All persons who belong to the party which has called the meeting through its local committee, are admitted to participate and to vote in it; but such meetings are not seldom "managed" by two or three local politicians, who know "the ropes," and in whom the body of the party place their trust.

These ward and town meetings get together in the winter preceding the presidential election, and choose a certain number of delegates to the "state convention" of the party. The "state convention" is a body of delegates chosen from all the wards and towns of the state—each state in the Union having its separate state convention—which assembles in some central or important city. Each party holds its own state convention: that need hardly be said. When the state convention, in its turn, meets together—usually some time in the spring before the presidential election—they proceed to nominate by ballot (a majority securing a "nomination" of a candidate) their choice for the state officers, namely, the governor, secretary, attorney-general, and so on, of the state. They then vote for a certain number of men for delegates to the national convention of the party. The number of delegates thus elected corresponds to the number of congressional representatives and senators from the state, which varies in each state.

When, in all the states, the party has made its choice of delegates to the national convention, this largest and most important of party assemblages is summoned to convene in one of the large cities. From what has been said it will be understood that the national con-

vention is composed of delegates from all the states in the Union, each state convention sending a certain number, and that the number of delegates in the national convention exactly corresponds to the number of the National Senate and House of Representatives added together. The interest of the party, of which the national convention is the supreme power and authority, concentrates throughout the country, as may be easily imagined, upon the period of its meeting; while the hostile party regards its assembling with almost equal interest, as by its action they will learn who is to be the opponent of their own candidate for the Presidency of the United States. As the time approaches when one or other of the great party conventions is to meet, the people begin to conjecture, the newspapers to discuss, and the politicians to calculate, who will succeed in winning its choice. Often the state conventions, having a positive choice among the many names offered, pass resolutions "pledging" the delegates whom they elect to the national convention to vote for such and such a person for the presidential candidacy; and when a number of state conventions do this, it enhances the excitement with which people anticipate the meeting of the larger body, as the rivalry of various prominent persons thus becomes sharper and more distinct. As the time for the assembling of the national convention approaches, the wire-pulling and manœuvring of the politicians becomes more and more earnest—some, because they hope to reap a reward in the shape of offices, in case the man they are working for wins, and others, less selfish, working with a will from party zeal or personal enthusiasm. Multitudes of these nervous and excited folks flock to the city where the convention is to meet: The hotels and boarding-houses are full to overflowing, and the halls and corridors resound with excited discussions, and busy conferences, and loud-talking crowds.

As large a hall as can be found is engaged for the sessions of the convention; sometimes (as when the Republican convention, which nominated Lincoln, met at Chicago in 1860) a huge extempore wooden building is erected on a vast area of ground, and called, in stump parlance, a "wigwam." This building is covered with flags and festoons, and other national emblems; it is fitted up within with a large broad platform fancifully decorated, and supplied with rude but striking portraits of the party chiefs; long rows of wooden benches rise one behind the other, for the delegates, and there are rudely constructed galleries for those who are fortunate enough to obtain tickets as spectators. The assembling of the national conventions, and afterward the presidential election, are to Americans, in one respect, what the Derby day is to Englishmen—the occasion for an unlimited amount of wagers. Bets run high on the various names when the convention meets; and the first morning the "wigwam," or hall, is surrounded by immense crowds, who listen to the speeches of some politician who "spreads himself" outside the building, while the convention is organising within.

The first day of the session is occupied in electing presiding officers and secretaries, examining the credentials of the delegates and receiving them, and, if there is time left after these tasks are over, in listening to some distinguished party orator who happens to be present, and who regales his hearers with a most eloquent harangue on "the issues of the hour." The national conventions contain, it need hardly be said, many delegates who have held high office, and are well known in the country; for the foremost leaders of the party in each state are chosen as delegates to the

higher body. You will find governors and generals, ex-plenipotentiaries and ex-cabinet ministers, members of congress and judges, among the number of those who have got together to choose the party candidate for president. On the second day of the convention's session, all preliminary and organising business being disposed of, the chairman announces that the next thing in order is to ballot for a candidate for the presidency. This creates great confusion and uproarious excitement: delegates huddle together in groups, rush about with slips of paper in their hands, and are most unwilling to "come to order." It should be said that the delegates of each state, having chosen one of their number as the "chairman" of the delegation, sit together; and the way the voting is done is, that this chairman collects the votes of the several delegates of his state, and announces them to the convention. Although it is called "balloting for a candidate," the mode of voting is *viva voce*, and not by ballot; the chairman of the different delegations announcing the votes as they are called on.

Before the voting begins, candidates are proposed to the convention, with brief but grandiloquent speeches by various delegates; one jumps up and says, "The New York delegation nominates Horatio Seymour;" another, "I beg to present to the convention the name of that heroic soldier and noble man, General Hancock;" whereat there is, of course, uproarious applause from the friends of the gentleman named. When all the candidates for the nomination are proposed—every delegate having the right to propose one if he wishes—the secretary of the convention proceeds to call the states alphabetically. For example, he calls out "Alabama!" Then the chairman of the Alabama delegation rises in his place, and says, "Alabama casts six votes for Seymour, two votes for Hancock, and one vote for Hendricks," or whatever the votes of the delegates of Alabama are; or, as in the Republican convention of last spring, "Alabama casts all her votes for General Grant!" In the Republican convention, a majority of delegates' votes decided the nomination; in the Democratic convention, it required a two-thirds vote to secure a nomination. The secretary goes on in like manner through the roll of the states, and when he has concluded, the vote is announced. If the vote results in a sufficient number for one man, he is declared by the chairman of the convention the successful "nominee"; but this result is seldom reached on a first vote. If no one has the requisite number, the ballotings continue day after day, until that object is attained. Meantime, the evenings and recesses are taken up by innumerable meetings of the different state delegations and friends of the respective aspirants, coalitions are effected or fail, "combinations" are made, and the "wire-pullers" and outside politicians work with desperate pertinacity and earnestness.

When the convention at last succeeds in making a choice, the scene is one which mocks description, and such as is not, perhaps, witnessed at any other time or place in the civilised world. As soon as it is known that a man has received the requisite majority, all the state delegations, who have before voted against him, hasten to change their votes, and record them for the winner of the contest. They hotly vie with each other which shall be the first to "wheel in" for the successful man; chairmen jump upon the benches, frantically gesticulate to catch the presiding officer's eye, and strain their lungs to their utmost capacity in order to be heard. Meanwhile the whole body of the convention is taken with an irresistible furor of enthusiasm,

the successful aspirant becomes all at once a very hero, and his name is shouted from every side, mingled with cheers and shouts; delegates jump on the benches and chairs, waving their hands, and the ladies in the galleries (if there are any there) shake their handkerchiefs responsively. The chairman finds his attempts to preserve order quite ineffectual: presently the roar of cannon and the shouts of the outside multitude add to the excitement of the scene; and now full-length portraits of the nominated candidate, and mottoes from his speeches, suddenly appear on the platform, and awake one more deafening shout of applause. The telegraph is busy sending the news to the remotest corner of the nation, and in a thousand towns on that evening cannon are fired, and enthusiastic speeches made.

The next day there is a repetition of the scene—somewhat, however, toned down; for the next thing for the convention to do is to nominate a candidate for vice-president, the second office on the national ticket. This is done in a manner exactly similar to the nomination of the presidential candidate; and the choice made, the convention then proceeds to adopt a "platform" of the principles upon which the party bases its appeal to the suffrage of the people. A committee, which has been appointed in the first day's session, reports a series of resolutions, which announce the views of the party, and taken together, constitute the party "platform"—the "platform" upon which the candidates are supposed, metaphorically, to stand; these resolutions are put to vote in the convention, and generally adopted with exemplary unanimity. The last thing to do is to choose a committee, consisting of one delegate from each state, to wait upon the "nominees" for president and vice-president, tender them the nomination, ask their approval of the platform and their acceptance of the candidacy. This is done soon after the National Convention adjourns, and the nominees, in reply, write letters, which are at once everywhere published.

When both conventions have chosen their candidates and platforms, and have adjourned, the "campaign" opens. Flags, bearing the names of the candidates, are unfolded to the breeze in every city, town, and village, principally over the newspaper offices; the Republican flags this year bearing "Grant and Colfax," and the Democratic "Seymour and Blair." Campaign clubs are formed, meetings are held in the campaign halls, and the papers devote themselves almost exclusively to discussions of the careers, personal habits, political life and principles of the several candidates. As the time of election approaches, the meetings grow more frequent, torch-light processions get to be the order of the day—or rather, night—and the editors become more fierce and pungent in their attacks upon their antagonists. It is time to say that the state conventions, when they meet, choose a certain number (equalling the number of senators and representatives) of their partisans as "presidential electors." The Americans do not cast their votes directly for the candidates for the presidency, but vote for presidential electors who are pledged to vote for one or other of the candidates. The whole nation votes on the same day—this year, on the 3rd of November. Each of the two parties has in each state a ticket of presidential electors. The voter chooses either the Democratic or the Republican ticket of electors, as he prefers, and deposits it in the ballot-box. Thus it is that he must vote for his party candidates for both president and vice-president; he cannot vote for the Republican nominee for president, and at the same time for the Democratic nominee for vice-president—for the electors for whom he votes are pledged to vote, when the time

comes, for *both* the party nominees; so the voter must vote for both candidates of one party or the other.

The cities and towns are divided into convenient districts for the voting, so that every voter in the land may with ease deposit his ballot within the specified hours—between eight in the morning and six at night. The election judges sit behind a desk, where there are several large ballot-boxes, having before them the register of qualified voters; as each voter comes up, he gives his name; and if it is found on the register, he is permitted to deposit his folded ballot in the boxes. Every two or three hours the votes already accumulated are counted by one of the judges, and the progressive result of the count is posted on the walls for all to see; thus some idea may be gained in the course of the day how each district is likely "to go." This frequent counting facilitates a speedy knowledge of the popular decision at the close of the day. All through the evening of election day the telegraph wires are everywhere at work, sending to and fro the results in each state and town. Multitudes assemble about ten or eleven o'clock before the newspaper offices and in public halls, where the returns are read out to eager listeners as fast as they arrive; and so complete is the system of counting and arriving at results, that you may learn enough of them by midnight of election day to indicate whether the Grant or the Seymour electors are in a majority, and hence who will be the next president.

The elected presidential electors, who, throughout the nation, are exactly equal in number to the Senate and House of Representatives, are called, when taken together, the "Electoral College"; a majority of this Electoral College elects the president and vice-president; but as they are all pledged on one side or the other, it is practically known who is the successful candidate for president on the night of the election day. It is wonderful how the public mind calms down immediately after the election. During the fortnight before, you would almost think the community on the verge of revolution, so excited is it, and to a foreigner not used to such scenes, so seemingly violent; a week after the great day, however, you would never know that such a day had been. The community settles down to its every-day pursuits, and thinks no more of politics until Congress meets again in the ensuing December. The presidential electors who have been chosen in the several states meet very quietly, some months after the election, and proceed to give their votes as they have previously been pledged to do; and it is one illustration of the successful working of the mode of presidential elections, that since the foundation of the Republic, but a single presidential elector has voted contrary to his pledge.

The election made in the Electoral College, the result is recorded, sealed up, and forwarded to the President of the National Senate. In the month of February the Senate and House of Representatives meet together, and in presence of the united Legislature, the President of the Senate proceeds to break the seals which contain the votes of the Electoral College, to read the record, and then forthwith to proclaim and declare the successful candidates duly elected president and vice-president of the United States for four years, from the ensuing fourth day of March. On that day the president and vice-president elect proceed to the Capitol and take the oath of office; and the simple yet imposing ceremony closes with the inaugural address of the new chief magistrate, delivered from the portico of the Capitol, in presence of all the dignitaries and of an immense multitude of citizens.



# A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

## CHAPTER XI.

ANY traveller passing from the southern maritime provinces of Spain cannot but feel great disappointment when he finds himself traversing the arid, dusty plains of the Castiles. These two provinces contain much that is highly interesting and characteristic. The towns are amongst the most ancient and the most Spanish, and occasionally one meets with some varied scenery, with rocks and hills and streams—but oh, those plains! Nothing but the wild monotonous prairies of the Far West can come near them in sameness and in dreariness; and in their depressing tendency on the mind they outdo the prairies. There are neither trees nor birds, hedges or inclosures of any sort. It is a singular fact that the Castilians have a positive dislike to trees, so that the burning sun has it all his own way, and everything, both animal and vegetable, seems dried up by the glaring heat. Rain is a blessing prayed for, hoped for, longed for, weeks before it really makes its appearance, and there is a general brown aspect over everything—the earth, the skin of the inhabitants, their very clothes, all are of the same sombre hue. There are very few villages to enliven the scene, and even when at long distances a hamlet does appear, the dingy colour of the houses, the windows without any glass, take nothing from the general gloom. But I must not allow my readers to think that there is no good in the Castiles, for it is not so. The Castilian of the better class is noble not only by birth, but in reality he is honourable and true; and though at times his pride has been such as to pass into a proverb, it has also enabled him to bear adversity with true courage and endurance. The peasants are very hard-working. From early morn till late at night they toil on uncomplaining, yet ready at every opportunity to lighten their toil by any amusement that presents itself. I have seen instances of open-hearted hospitality in a Castilian's cottage, which would have done honour to one much better born. They dearly love their independence, and have generally managed to preserve it.

Madrid itself has but few advantages in point of situation, excepting that imaginary one which is thought so much of in Spain, namely, its being in the centre of the country. It is in the midst of a plain; but though apparently a plain, the situation is really somewhat elevated, rather more than two thousand feet above the sea. The climate is generally supposed to be very faulty; intensely, scorchingly hot at times, and at others bitterly cold, from the exposed situation and the keen icy winds that sweep down from the mountains. As far as we ourselves were concerned, we were most fortunate. We arrived at the capital in September, and though it was warm, certainly we were none of us incommoded by the heat in any degree, though we were anything but idle during our stay. For a lengthened residence I should certainly never select Madrid. The Castilian ladies are very inferior to many of their countrywomen in their powers of attraction. They have not the soft languid grace of the Valencians, nor the exquisitely fascinating manners of the Andalusians, but many of them are exceedingly high bred, both in look and manner. I have seen a Castilian peasant girl so very thorough bred (as far as her looks and form went) that one might have supposed her possessed of the famous blue blood (*sangre azuro*) so much prized in this proud country.

The destruction of the immense number of convents

has made a very great change in Madrid. If travellers made their way direct thither from France, they would find much to attract their attention in the novelty of the scene and the contrast between many of the customs there and those in use in other European towns. Madrid is as expensive, as regards every article of food, lodging, and amusement, as any town I have sojourned in, and my experience is pretty large. We were fortunate enough to be welcomed by kind friends to their own house, so that all the trouble and annoyance of being at an indifferent hotel was spared us; and we heard from good judges that no hotel in Madrid could be pronounced really comfortable.

The sights of Madrid have been too often described to need recapitulation here. The people live chiefly out of doors, preferring the bright sun and blue sky to the dark, dingy dwellings awaiting them at home: for nothing can be more uninviting than the houses of the lower classes. On one side may be seen fierce, wild-looking men, having all the air of bandits on the lookout for an adventure; on the other, a Castilian lady, attended by her duenna, and her servant bearing the prayer-books and the squares of carpet to lay down for her when she is at her devotions—the graceful mantilla still folded around her, though, alas! it is fast disappearing out of the land. Then, again, may be seen the picturesque figure of some Andalusian, perhaps in attendance on a riding party of travellers. The variety of dress and appearance in the streets and public walks is very remarkable and very entertaining, and there are endless subjects for the pencil.

Certainly the Spaniards are a most peculiar people. The lives of the regular old Spanish families in Madrid (I do not allude to those of high rank) are as singularly unaltered as those of any people in the world. As a rule, Spaniards never stir away from Madrid at any part of the year. They live on separate floors of houses, a floor to a family; society is perfectly unknown amongst them, according to our meaning of the word, especially amongst the women, whose only dissipation from year's end to year's end is their constant attendance at the churches. Owing to the astonishing number of saints' days, there is scarcely a day in the week when there is not some especial service, some famous preacher to be heard, some especial mass to be attended; and should none of these causes bring them out they are sure of finding the churches open, and thither they go, and select some chapel where they offer up their prayers to a favourite saint. Everything connected with the outward observances of religion is to them an excitement and an occupation. The men, on the contrary, find their amusement in constant smoking. Clubs, up to a late period, were little frequented by Spaniards, but some change is creeping on in this respect. They are all for outward show, both men and women, and as long as they can manage to keep a miserable-looking pair of horses to draw an antiquated sort of carriage along the public drives, they care not what privations they suffer in their domestic arrangements. They are naturally very small eaters, and adhere strictly to the fasts enjoined by their religion. The universal siesta, that boon to the dwellers in hot climates, closes all the shops at one o'clock, till the heat of the day is over; every one retreats within doors, the streets are all deserted, even the beggars seem to disappear, and the houses are all shut up as if the inhabitants had left them. Then in the evening the whole world seems to come to life again.

The palaces of the grandes are very disappointing. They were so pillaged and injured in every way by

the French, that one can form no idea of their original state. Their dwellings are in a complete state of decadence or decay, as complete as is their own deterioration. Of course there are brilliant exceptions amongst some of the oldest houses; but, generally speaking, the *grandees*, properly so called, are very poor representatives of that old nobility once unrivalled in Europe. They are mostly small in stature, and they have a dried-up, almost shrivelled, look, as if the constant baking of their scorched sun had dried up every particle of moisture in the human frame, in the same way that it has imparted to the land the arid, brown appearance familiar to all visitors to the Castiles. There is a great want of cultivation in the higher classes at Madrid, and a complete absence of all general curiosity; they truly seem to care for nothing but Madrid, its bull fights, its churches, and, it should be added, its official life, for they are most determined seekers after employments within the official circles. No matter how trifling or unimportant the charge may be, a bit of coloured ribbon in the button-hole is a distinction coveted by all who think they have the slightest chance of obtaining it.

I have already referred to the many striking contrasts which Spain presents. What other country can bring before one, at no very wonderful distance from each other, buildings so opposite, in every single feature, as the glittering, ornamented, smiling, and most beautiful Alhambra, and the oppressively gloomy Escorial. But in order to prove my words to those who have not seen these two equally famous edifices, I will now give some account of an excursion we made to the latter during our stay at Madrid. We started quite early on a beautiful day in October—the very first day of that enjoyable month it was—and anything more beautiful than the colouring of that southern sky I had never seen, not even in Andalusia. Well might it be called “the saffron brightness of morning!” After all the monotonous brown colouring of Castile, this exquisite sight was doubly welcome to us. The road is really a very fine one, if it only led through any other country than the dreary environs of Madrid: there was not a sight or a sound to enliven the way; only a miserable population, scanty in numbers, and most forbidding in aspect. The land was apparently barren, and in the distance was the gloomy Sierra, whither we were bound. There, beneath the shelter of the rugged rocky hill, stands the celebrated Escorial, so massive and grand a pile, that even surrounded as it is by hills—nay, one may almost say mountains—it still looks a wonderful pile. Up nearly to the very gates the barren appearance of the country continues, and it is more in accordance with the gloomy thoughts brought to one's mind by this strange edifice than would have been a smiling landscape.

Most of my readers will remember that the Escorial was built by Philip II, originally with the view of founding a magnificent burial-place for the Spanish sovereigns, but as he proceeded his plans were enlarged, and not only was it formed to receive the royal dead, but it was also destined as a splendid though most gloomy residence for them during their lives. Nor was the all-powerful Church forgotten: a convent arose within the walls for the reception of a number of monks. In this strange manner did the royal bigot fulfil a vow made by him when suffering from the dread of the French army about to engage his own forces and those of his allies in a decisive battle. Contrary to his panic fear he was victorious, and in the first enthusiastic warmth of his gratitude, he fulfilled the vow he had made to erect a convent on a certain spot. Building

became his favourite pursuit, and the immense pile rose gradually under his auspices. For nineteen years after its completion (it was nearly twenty-two years before it was finished) did this singular sovereign reside within its melancholy walls, and finally he died there in 1598.

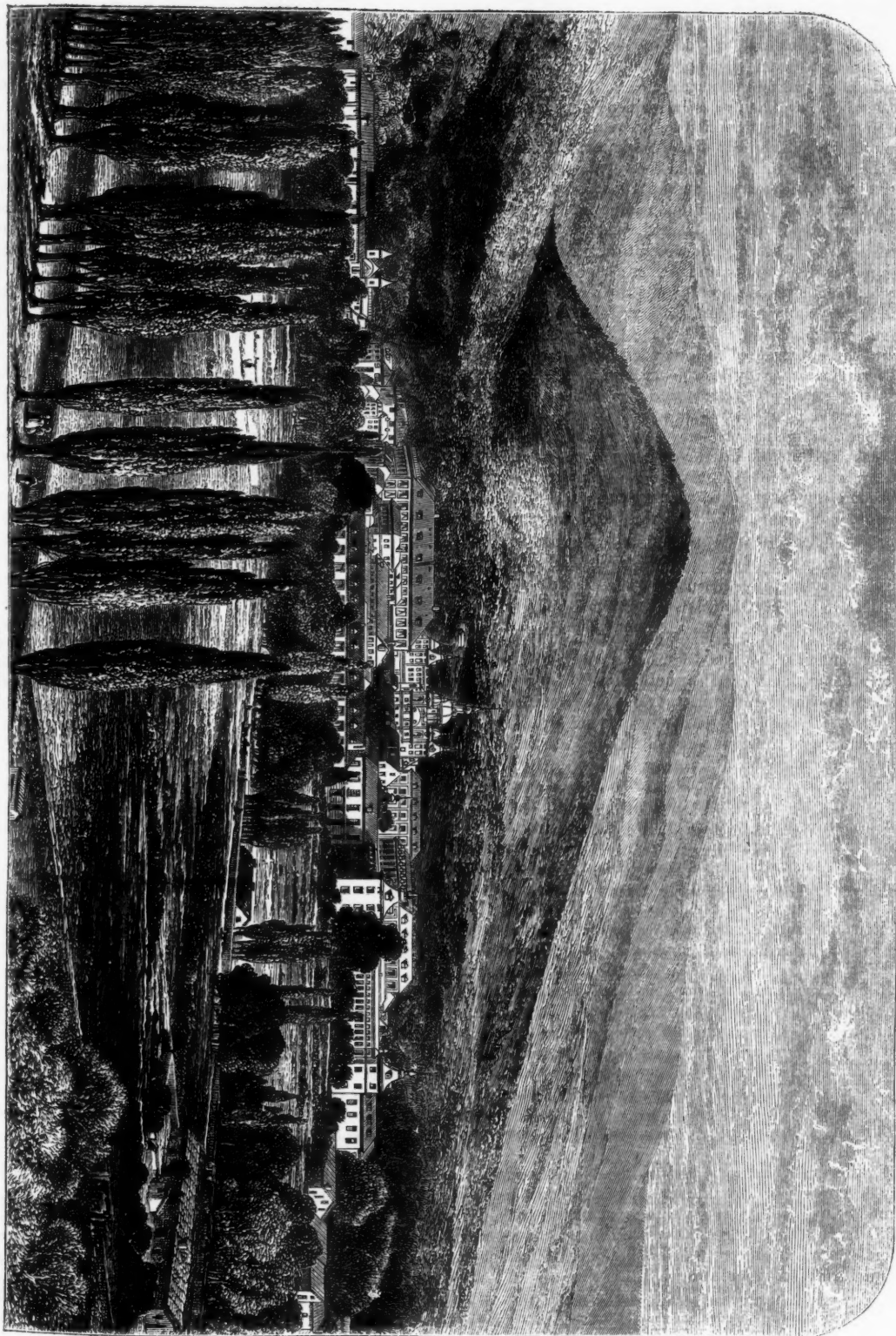
As it first appears in sight the palace has a most imposing effect, but a nearer approach rather dispels these first impressions. It has too modern an aspect, though this in reality only arises from the materials used in the building, which have in no way suffered from the lapse of time. Still, even on a near approach, it is very fine. The perfect simplicity of taste apparent in the stately pile, gives a certain indescribably grand effect that is very striking on a first view. Its situation adds greatly to its imposing aspect. It is, as it were, actually built on the rocks; and unlike any other royal palace (I might even add any other of those magnificent religious establishments of which there have been so many instances in all countries), it has no external embellishments of luxuriant nature to set it off: all is rugged, and grand, and melancholy. The very grey granite of which it is composed sends a cold shudder through one, as one thinks of the cold, cruel heart of its royal founder! But we will come inside the walls, and see what is the impression left upon the mind by the interior of this singular edifice.

The grand entrance is never opened excepting to admit the reigning sovereign, or the corpse of the monarch when brought there for interment. And most truly I may say that I have never been more impressed than by the sight of the chapel of the Escorial. Instead of entering it by stately portals, as is usually the case, this sacred edifice is approached from a dark passage. As one emerges from it, and stands at the arched entrance, it is impossible to describe the effect produced on one by the simple majesty of this chapel. After a while, you begin to wonder what it is that has produced so startling an impression. There is no ornament of any kind—nothing to interfere with the solemn feeling that one stands in a building consecrated to the worship of the Almighty: there is nothing to diminish the grandeur of the idea. All is beautiful, solemn, and imposing; everything trifling seems banished. One can hardly understand how a Roman Catholic chapel can have preserved such severe simplicity in everything belonging to it. Truly the architect of that chapel was a master in his profession. When I say there are no ornaments, I mean none of those puerile trifling decorations which, especially in Spain, so often mar the beauty of the churches; but all is in severe taste, from the sombre black-and-white pavement, to the beautiful screens of bronze and jasper.

After gazing at this beautiful chapel I was but little inclined to listen to the legends poured forth by the guides, of the relics collected by the “pious founder.” I am almost afraid to write down the number: they are said to have amounted to between seven and eight thousand. What a perversion of human intellect!

As we visited the royal sepulchre our feelings were excited almost painfully, so profoundly melancholy did this burial-place of so many great, so many mighty ones, appear to us. From the nature of the building, and its situation amid rocks and hills, the power of the wind in the Escorial must be heard to be realised. The day was a bright windy day in the beginning of October, and while in the sepulchre the gusts of wind seemed to roar, and howl, and moan, with a deep pathetic sound that was most thrilling. There by torchlight we gazed around on the embalmed mortal remains, or rather the





THE SECRETARY.

dark marble cases where they reposed, in different niches.

We felt but little disposed, after this solemn scene, to go the usual round through all the fine interior of the Escorial, but still we did our duty, and brought away as the result an impression of splendid halls, grand staircases, fine libraries, cloisters, courts, and all the detail of royal and priestly residences. But we did not linger long within doors: we really felt that we required the refreshment of the outer air, the sunshine, and the verdure to be found in the royal gardens. Anywhere but in the barren neighbourhood that surrounds them they would not make much impression; but after the dreary country around Madrid, the park and gardens seemed most refreshing and delightful. There are fine trees and endless walks and drives; and we were interested when the guide pointed out the exact spot where Philip always stationed himself to watch the progress of his gigantic plaything. It is a sight worth seeing—the view of the whole pile of buildings from this elevated spot.

There is another royal residence at San Ildefonso, and our party greatly enjoyed the drive thither. A more striking road I have not often seen. The most splendid pine-trees, the giants of their tribe, grew abundantly on the rocks and mountains through which we wound. The scenery was indeed magnificent: especially after the wearisome sameness of the country we had lately passed through. We were told that this road was rendered dangerous in winter by the heavy falls of snow.

## CURIOSITIES OF THE PORT OF LONDON.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

"THAT portion of London which is connected with the port and shipping," says a popular writer, "differs so much from the districts appropriated to manufactures, and from all others possessing a special character of their own, as to constitute one of the most distinct divisions of the metropolis." Hence it has its *Curiosities*, its historic localities and sites, with the advantage of contrasts in its busy river life: its forest of masts, its crowd of ships from all quarters of the globe—of colliers, coasters, steam-boats, and river craft in almost endless variety. Then there are its docks and its vast building-yards, its storehouses, and its wealth of merchandise—all reminding one of Sir John Herschel's oft-quoted felicitous observation: "It is a fact, not a little interesting to Englishmen, and combined with our insular situation in the great highway of nations, the Atlantic, not a little explanatory of our commercial eminence, that London occupies nearly the centre of the terrestrial hemisphere." Our route embraces, on the northern side of the river, a district extending eastward from Tower Hill, and comprising Wapping and Ratcliff Highway, Shadwell, Limehouse, Poplar, and Blackwall; and on the other side commences with Tooley Street, and comprehends Rotherhithe, and all along the river to Deptford.

Eighteen centuries ago, Tacitus described London as very celebrated for the number of its merchants and its commerce. In 211 it was styled a great wealthy city, and in 359 there were engaged 800 vessels in the import and export of corn to and from London alone. Fitzstephen thus describes the merchandise in his time:—

"Arabia's gold, Sabæa's spice and incense,  
Scythia's keen blades, and the oil of palms  
From Babylon's deep soil, Nile's precious gems,  
China's bright shining silks, and Gaelic wines,  
Norway's warm peltry, and the Russian sables,  
All here abound."

Under an Act of Charles II, the Port of London is held to extend as far as the North Foreland. It however practically extends six and a half miles below London Bridge, to Bugsby's Hole, beyond Blackwall. The actual port reaches to Limehouse, and consists of the Upper Pool, the first bend or *reach* of the river from London Bridge to near the Thames Tunnel and Execution Dock; and the Lower Pool, thence to Cuckold's Point. In the latter space colliers mostly lie in tiers; a fair way of 300 feet being left for shipping and steamers passing up and down. The depth of the river insures considerable advantage as a shipping port; even at ebb-tide there are twelve or thirteen feet of water in the fair way of the river above Greenwich; the mean range of the tide at London Bridge is about seventeen feet, of the highest spring-tides about twenty-two feet. To Woolwich the river is navigable for ships of any burden; to Blackwall for those of 1,400 tons, and to St. Katharine's Docks for vessels of 800 tons. The loss of life upon the Thames, by collision of vessels and other accidents, is of frightful amount, 500 persons being annually drowned in the river, and one-third of that number in the Pool.

Billingsgate has been a quay, if not a market, for nearly nine centuries; it has been entirely rebuilt in our time. Here, in one season, 2,500 tons of salmon have been sold, and nearly two million of lobsters in one year; and, in a marvellous glut of fish, in two days from ninety to 100 tons of plaice, soles, and sprats. Nearly as much fish as beef is consumed in the metropolis. In 1550 "there came a shippe of egges and shurtes and smokes out of France to Byllyngesgate." The trade of Billingsgate is now suffering by railway competition. Since 1848 the number of vessels and boats conveying fish to the market has been gradually decreasing, while the number of carts and vans so engaged has been gradually increasing. In that year 10,442 vessels were so occupied, and only 3,733 in 1867, while in 1848 the carts and vans numbered 7,649, and in 1867, 16,762. Although, however, the vessels and boats have decreased in number, a larger class of vessels has been engaged in the fish trade; but, after making due allowance for the increased quantity conveyed by these larger vessels, there still appears to be a very considerable diminution in the quantity of fish conveyed by water to Billingsgate. About three-fifths of the whole quantity of fish consumed in London is now brought by railway.

Beyond Billingsgate is the Coal Exchange, rebuilt in 1849; in the basement are the remains of a Roman bath in excellent preservation. Eastward is the Custom House, the fifth built nearly upon the same site; it cost nearly half a million of money, or nearly two-thirds of the cost of St. Paul's Cathedral. The centre, before it was rebuilt in 1825, was decorated with terra-cotta figures of the Arts and Sciences, Commerce and Industry, the Royal Arms, Ocean and Commerce, Industry and Plenty. The river *façade* is nearly one-tenth of a mile in length.

On the opposite river-bank is St. Olave's Church, originally founded prior to the Norman Conquest, and dedicated to St. Olave, or Olaf, King of Norway, who, with Ethelred, in 1008, destroyed the first bridge at London, then occupied by the Danes. The present church is nearly on the site of this exploit, for the first bridge was somewhat eastward of the stone bridge taken down after the building of the present bridge. In the rear of the wharfs, lofty warehouses, and factories, is Bermondsey, once the site of a rich priory for Clunian monks, founded in 1082, but now a seat of manufactures,

and intersected by railways. The monastic remains were not entirely removed until our time. Here is Horselydown, now built over, but formerly a grazing-ground for horses—hence the name.

The Tower of London, by demolition and modernisation, has lost many of its historic features; it was used as a royal palace from the reign of Stephen to that of Charles II, who last held his court here. State prisoners have been confined here to our time. The Tower is a remarkable memorial of the past, yet not to its advantage, "for the image of the children of Edward IV, of Anne Boleyn, and Jane Grey, and of the many victims murdered in the times of despotism tyranny, pass like dark phantoms before the mind." "The Traitors' Gate," through which these victims were conveyed, and the "Bloody Tower" beyond it, may be seen from the river. Two centuries and a quarter ago eleven towers were prison lodgings, besides which there were torture chambers. Upwards of 1,000 prisoners have been confined in the cells and chambers of the Tower at one time. Here is preserved the headsman's axe, probably of the sixteenth century. It is still carried in processions by the master-gaoler of the Tower. The staff is studded with brass nails over leather, now almost worn through. "When state prisoners were conveyed by barge from the Tower to Westminster to be tried, the master-gaoler stood in the bow, with the blade away from the prisoner; on the return, should he have been sentenced to death, the edge was then directed towards him. Hall gives an account of the condemnation and subsequent demeanour of the Duke of Buckingham. 'Then was the edge of the axe,' says the chronicler, 'turned towards him, and so led into a barge.'—*The British Army, by Sir S. B. Scott.*

Tower Hill was once noted for its salubrity:—

"The Tower Hill,  
Of all the places London can afford  
Hath sweetest ayre."

*Old Poem, 1610.*

Upon the hill traitors were commonly beheaded, the last being Simon, Lord Lovat, in 1747. Lady Raleigh lived on Tower Hill, after she had been forbidden to lodge with her husband Sir Walter in the Tower. William Penn was born in a court on the east side of the hill. At the Bull public-house died Otway the poet; and "in a cutler's shop of Tower Hill," says Sir Henry Wotton, "Felton bought a tenpenny knife, so cheap was the instrument of this great attempt," with which he assassinated the Duke of Buckingham. At the south-west corner of the hill is Tower Dock, where Sir Walter Raleigh, disguised, embarked in a boat for Tilbury, but, being betrayed, he was arrested on the Thames, and committed to the Tower. Postern Row, opposite about the middle of the Tower moat, is the rendezvous for enlisting soldiers and sailors; it formerly had its press-gangs. Here the shops display odd admixtures of marine stores, pea-jackets, and straw hats, rope, hour-glasses, Gunter's scales, and dog-biscuits.

St. Katharine's Docks, just below the Tower, planned by Telford, were commenced in May, 1827, and upwards of 2,500 men worked at them till their opening in 1828; a labour of unexampled rapidity. In clearing the ground, the fine old church and other remains of the Hospital of St. Katharine (founded 1148 by Matilda of Boulogne, wife of King Stephen), with 1,250 houses and tenements inhabited by 11,300 persons, were taken down; the hospital and church have been rebuilt in the Regent's Park. The dock-walls surround twenty-three acres (eleven of water), and will accommodate 120 ships besides barges and other craft. Here vessels of 700 tons

burden may enter at any time of tide. The warehouses are five and six stories high. The vaults for wine and spirits have crypt-like arches. "Lights are distributed," says Baron Dupin, "to the travellers who prepare to visit these cellars, as if they were setting out to visit the catacombs of Naples or Rome."

East Smithfield, the area in front of the Royal Mint and the St. Katharine's Dock Office, was, in the reign of Henry III, an open field, on which was held an annual fair for fifteen days at Whitsuntide. Spenser, author of the "Faerie Queen," is said to have been born here. From East Smithfield to Shadwell runs Ratcliff Highway, in Stow's time planted with an avenue of "fair elm trees," thence continued to Limehurst or Limehost, corruptly Limehouse. In Prince's Square, Ratcliff Highway, is the Swedish Church, wherein is buried Emanuel Swedenborg; the corpse lay in state at an undertaker's hard by, surrounded with black velvet hangings, daylight excluded, and wax candles lighted. In 1790 Swedenborg's remains were disturbed to confute a Rosicrucian, who maintained that Swedenborg was not dead, and that his funeral was a sham. In 1817 a Swedish naval officer stole Swedenborg's skull, and hawked it about London for sale. The pastor of the Swedish Church recovered what he supposed to be the stolen skull, and had it placed in the coffin in 1819; but this was thought to be a female skull. A marble memorial slab was placed in the church in 1857. In 1811 Ratcliff Highway was the scene of two atrocious murders. The house of Marr, 29, Ratcliff Highway, was broken open, and Mr. and Mrs. Marr, the shop-boy, and a child in the cradle (the only human beings in the house) were found murdered. Twelve days later, Williamson, landlord of the King's Arms public-house in Old Gravel Lane, Ratcliff Highway, his wife, and female servant, were murdered at midnight. A man named Williams, the only person suspected, hanged himself in prison; the body was carried on a platform placed on a high cart past the houses of Marr and Williamson; and afterwards, with a stake through the breast, was deposited in a hole dug for the purpose, where the New Road crosses and Cannon Street Road begins. Such was the terror in London just after these murders, that Lord Macaulay knew a shopkeeper who on that occasion sold 300 watchmen's rattles in about ten hours.

From the village of Ratcliff the gallant Sir Hugh Willoughby, on May 20, 1553, took his departure on his fatal voyage for discovering the north-east passage to China. He sailed with great pomp by Greenwich, where the court then lay. Mutual honours were paid on both sides; the council and courtiers appeared at the windows, the people covered the shores. The young king alone lost the noble and novel sight, for he then lay on his death-bed, so that the principal object of the parade was disappointed.—(*Hakluyt's Voyages.*) Strype relates that on July 24, 1629, Charles I. hunted a stag or hart from Wanstead, in Essex, and killed him in Nightingale Lane, in the hamlet of Wapping, in a garden where damage was done to the herbs "by reason of the multitude of people there assembled suddenly."

Near Old Gravel Lane is the Hospital founded in 1737 by Henry Raine, the wealthy brewer, near Prussian or Pruson's Island, Wapping, and endowed it with £240 a year, and £4,000 to be laid out in a purchase. Here are schools for fifty boys and fifty girls; and in May and December annually is given a marriage portion of £100 to two young women, former inmates of the school; the bridegrooms must be inhabitants of St. George's-in-the-East, or of Wapping, or Shadwell; and the young women draw lots for the portion, one hundred new sovereigns,



usually put into a handsome bag made by a young lady of St. George's parish. In the churchyard is buried Joseph Ames, Author of "Typographical Antiquities;" he lies in a stone coffin in virgin earth, at the depth of eight feet.

Wapping, a hamlet of Stepney, runs parallel with the Thames, and was commenced building in 1571, to secure the manor from the encroachments of the river, which made the whole site a great wash; the Commissioners of Sewers rightly thinking that "the tenants would not fail being attentive to their lives and property." Stow calls it "Wapping in the Wose," in the wash, or in the drain. Wapping is thought to be derived from the ship's rope called a *wapp*, or from *wapin-schaw*, a periodical exhibition of arms which may formerly have been held upon this open ground. In Strype's time Wapping was "chiefly inhabited by seafaring men and tradesmen dealing in commodities for the supply of shipping and shipmen." Here the wholesale slopseller, the retail clothier, ship's joiners, ship's carpenters, and ship sail-makers abound. Mathematical instrument makers, with sea-charts and sounding-machines, telescopes, compasses and quadrants, side by side with azimuth tables, guide for coasting pilots, etc., were formerly here in great numbers, and a century ago Wapping had its "Mathematical Society."

Wapping has been the scene of two great fires: in 1703, when the sufferers, mostly seamen, sea artificers, and poor seamen's widows, lost £13,040; and in 1791, when were burnt 630 houses and an East India warehouse containing 35,000 bags of saltpetre, and the loss was £1,000,000.

The London Docks, immediately below St. Katharine's, were opened in 1805; John Rennie, engineer. They comprise ninety acres (thirty-five water), the enclosing walls costing £65,000; and in twelve years a million of money was expended in extensions and improvements. In 1858 were constructed two new locks to admit the immense vessels now built; each lock has twenty-eight feet depth of water. One of the wine vaults contains upwards of twelve acres; above is the mixing-house, the largest vat containing 23,350 gallons. The wool importations are £2,600,000 value. A vast tea warehouse cost £100,000 building, and has stowage for 120,000 chests of tea; and in the ivory warehouse lie heaps of elephants' and rhinoceroses' tusks, the weapons of sword-fish, etc. The great tobacco warehouse will contain 24,000 hogsheads of tobacco, value £4,800,000, and in the cigar floor are frequently £150,000 worth of cigars. In the kiln, the huge chimney of which is called "the Queen's Pipe," are burnt such goods as do not fetch the amount of their duties and the customs' charges: on one occasion 900 condemned Austrian mutton hams were burnt; on another 45,000 pairs of French gloves. In brisk times nearly 3,000 men are employed here. The two companies of the St. Katharine's and the London Docks are now amalgamated. The West India Docks lie between Limehouse and Blackwall, and their long line of warehouses and lofty wall are well seen from the Blackwall Railway. There have been stored in these docks, at one time, colonial produce worth £20,000,000 sterling, comprising 148,563 casks of sugar, 70,875 barrels, and 463,648 bags of coffee, 35,158 pipes of rum and Madeira, 14,000 logs of mahogany, 20,000 tons of logwood, etc. In the Southern, or Export Dock, which will hold 195 vessels, the ships are seen to the greatest advantage, fresh painted, standing rigging up, colours flying, etc. The East India Docks lie below the West India Docks; the water area is twenty-four feet deep, and they have a cast-iron wharf nearly one-sixth of a mile in length, in which are more than 900 tons of

metal. The water accommodation of the East and West India Docks is 112 acres. A large Chinese junk, the first ever seen in England, arrived at the East India Docks in 1848. The Victoria Docks, in the Plaistow Marshes, will admit larger vessels than either of the other London Docks; the lock-gates, cranes, and capstans, are all worked by hydraulic power. The basin covers ninety acres; the ground excavated consisted of the deposit of the Thames, which, like a vast lake, formerly covered the now green marshes of Essex; in the course of the works, British and Roman coins, Roman arms, and a circular tin shield, were discovered. The Docks of London, entirely the growth of the present century, are a fine sight: the mass of shipping, the colossal many-storied warehouses, and the heaps of merchandise from every region of the globe, justify the glory of London as "the great emporium of nations" and "the metropolis of the most intelligent and wealthy empire the sun ever shone upon, and of which the boast is, as of Spain of old, that upon its dominions the sun never sets."

South of the West India Docks are the New Docks at Millwall, which will be 204 acres in extent; the dock completed is the largest in the port of London. Another new dock, of twenty-four acres, sufficient to accommodate more than 200 large ships, is now in course of excavation.

It was at Wapping that Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, when James II abdicated the throne, sought to shelter himself from popular indignation. Jeffreys fled hither in the disguise of a coal-porter, and was captured in the Red Cow ale-house, in Anchor and Hope Alley, near King Edward's Stairs. A scrivener, whom Jeffreys had formerly insulted, identified the disguised chancellor lolling out of a window; he was cudgelled and hurried off to the Tower; but at Leatherhead, in Surrey, where Jeffreys had a mansion, it is traditionally asserted that he was betrayed by his butler who accompanied him in his flight, for the sake of the reward offered.

The name of one of the outlets to the Thames preserves the memory of many a tale of murder and piracy on the high seas. Here, in Stow's time, was Execution Dock, "the usual place for hanging of pirates and sea-rovers at the low-water mark, and there to remain till three tides had overflowed them; but since the gallows being after removed further off, a continual street or filthy strait passage, with alleys of small tenements or cottages built, inhabited by sailors' victuallers along by the river of Thames almost to Ratcliff, a good mile from the Tower." Maitland, in his *London*, states that not only pirates, but sailors found guilty of any of the greater crimes committed on ship-board, were executed here. "On the 20th of December, 1738, one James Buchanan, condemned at the late Admiralty sessions at the Old Bailey for the murder of Mr. Smith, fourth mate of the *Royal Guardian* Indiaman, in Canton river, in the East Indies, was carried from Newgate to Execution Dock in Wapping, to suffer for the same; but before he had hung five minutes, a gang of sailors cut him down and carried him off alive in triumph down the water. He afterwards escaped to France, as commonly reported." Pennant notes: "Execution Dock still remains at Wapping, and is in use as often as a melancholy occasion requires. The criminals are to this day executed on a temporary gallows placed at low water-mark; but the custom of leaving the body to be overflowed by the sea-tides has long been omitted." (*Pennant's London*, 5th edition, 1813.) We see the gibbets and chains in one of Hogarth's prints of the *Idle Apprentice*.

Among the notabilities of Wapping was Ames the antiquary, who was here in business as a ship-chandler. A brother antiquary says of him: "He was a person of vast application and industry in collecting old printed books, prints, and other curiosities, both natural and artificial." John Day, with whom originated "Fairlop Fair," in Hainault Forest, was a block and pump maker at Wapping, and the fair grew out of the annual "bean-feast" to his workmen. Curiously enough, the fuchsia was first reared here in England; a single plant was brought hither from the West Indies, and being seen by one Lee, a nurseryman, it became in the next flowering season the parent of 300 fuchsia plants, which Lee sold at one guinea each.

The wood-built wharf and house fronts towards the river have, for the most part, been displaced; but victuallers' houses with nautical signs abound. Among the thirty-six taverns and public-houses in Wapping, High Street, and Wapping Wall, we find the signs of the Ship and Pilot, Ship and Star, Ship and Punch-bowl, Union Flag and Punch-bowl, The Gun, North American Sailor, Golden Anchor, Anchor and Hope, The Ship, Town of Ramsgate, Queen's Landing, Ship and Whale, The Three Mariners, and The Prospect of Whitby. Between numbers 288 and 304 are "Wapping Old Stars," remembered by the old sea-song.

Pennant called Blackwall the upper part of the eastern side of the Isle of Dogs, the eastern end of London, "being nearly a continual succession of six miles and a half of streets from hence to Tyburn turnpike." Dr. Johnson named Wapping as a place where "men of curious inquiry" might see strange modes of life; and he recommended Boswell to "explore Wapping." "We accordingly," says Boswell, "carried our scheme into execution in October, 1792, but whether from that uniformity, which was in a great degree spread through every part of the metropolis, or from our want of sufficient exertion, we were disappointed."

Limehouse, between Wapping and Poplar, is, according to an entry by Pepys, named from a limehouse that had been in the family of Captain Marshe for 250 years; though Stow, as already stated, has it "Limehurst, or Limehost, corruptly Limehouse."

The church, St. Anne's, designed by Hawkmoor, a pupil of Wren's, has the highest clock (130 feet) in the metropolis, not excepting St. Paul's; the interior of the church, and a fine organ, were destroyed by fire on Good Friday morning, 1850, but have been restored. The turrets in the steeple resemble those in the quadrangle of All Souls' College, Oxford.

Poplar, or Poplar, is named from the multitude of poplar-trees (which love a moist soil) growing there in former times. George Stevens, the Shakspeare commentator, was the son of a Poplar mariner. His body is buried in Poplar Chapel, where is a fine monument to his memory by Flaxman. The Isle of Dogs is part of Poplar Marsh. Here Togodumnus, brother of Caractacus, is said to have been killed in a battle under Plantius, A.D. 46. Traditionally the isle was named from the hounds of Edward III being kept there for contiguity to Waltham, and other royal forests in Essex. Again, the Isle of Dogs is said to be corrupted from Isle of Ducks, from the wild fowl upon it; and Pepys speaks of "the unlucky Isle of Dogs." Alderman Cubitt, twice Lord Mayor, built here "Cubitt Town," and a large Gothic church. The isle is now partly covered with stone wharfs, iron ship-building yards, and chemical works. Adjoining are the dockyards of the Wigrams and Greens, formerly Barry's, mentioned by Pepys in 1660. The picturesque old masting-house is 120 feet high. Near

the principal entrance to the West India Docks is a bronze statue of Milligan, by whom the docks were begun and principally completed. The working men of the Isle of Dogs number some 15,000 men, engaged in the factories and ship-yards, for whom has been formed a free library, to provide them with reading for evenings too often spent in dissipation. The island is a diluvial deposit, in which has been found a subterranean forest of elm, oak, and fir-trees, eight feet below the grass; some of the elms were three feet four inches in diameter, accompanied by human bones and recent shells, but no metals or traces of civilisation.

Blackwall, with its large taverns, is noted for its delicious little fish, whitebait, caught in the reach, and directly netted out of the river into the frying-pans of the "bait kitchens." Whitebait was long thought to be the young of the shad; then a distinct fish: it is now proved to be the young of the herring.

Shadwell is a continuation of the buildings along the river; it was formerly called Chadwelle, supposed from a spring, dedicated to St. Chad, within the churchyard. Pennant describes the frequent docks and small building-yards here; the prow of a ship and the hulls of new ones appearing at numbers of openings. The church, re-built in 1820, has a very beautiful steeple.

Wapping is at one end of that famous work, the Thames Tunnel, beneath the Thames, and Rotherhithe at the other. A tunnel had previously been proposed from Gravesend to Tilbury, by Dodd, but abandoned as impracticable; and next was commenced a tunnel to connect Rotherhithe and Limehouse, by a Cornish miner named Vasey. After five or six years' work this was given up. In 1823 Brunel planned the present tunnel, from the operations of the teredo, a testaceous worm covered with a cylindrical shell, which eats its way through the hardest wood. In like manner Brunel planned the shield apparatus, a series of cells in which, as the miners worked at one end, the bricklayers built at the other, the top, sides, and bottom of the tunnel, which is a brick arched double roadway and footway. At full tide it is seventy-five feet below the surface of the water. The shaft on the Rotherhithe side was first commenced; then the horizontal roadway; and next the Wapping shaft, where, at some distance below the houses that stood on the spot, were found the remains of a ship-builder's works, including part of a ship, a ship's figure-head, and a great quantity of oak. The irruptions of earth, water, and gas explosions during the tunnel works were fearful; yet with all these perils but seven lives were lost in constructing the Thames Tunnel, whereas nearly forty men were killed in building London Bridge. The tunnel cost about £454,000; its total length is 1,140 feet. It is now to be converted into a railway. Brunel has left a minute record of his great work, which has been paralleled, as an engineering triumph, by Stephenson's tubular railway bridge.

Rotherhithe, or Redriff, as it is corruptly called, unlike Wapping, is of great antiquity; it is thought to be named from the Saxon *redhva*, a mariner, and *hyth*, a haven—i.e., the sailor's harbour. It was here that the famous trench, or canal, of Canute was commenced in order that the invader might avoid London Bridge. Maitland, in 1739, imagined he traced this canal from Rotherhithe to Newington Butts, and thence to the river at Vauxhall; but two more probable and far shorter courses have been indicated for this canal. And is it not possible that the draining works executed by the Romans left certain watercourses which might have been made available by the invading fleet? In the reign

of Edward III a fleet was fitted out at Rotherhithe by order of the Black Prince and John of Gaunt for the invasion of France. And it was off Rotherhithe that Richard III was so alarmed at the shouts and array of the malcontents whom he came to appease, that he hastily returned to the Tower, whilst the infuriate people swept on with their excesses to the Marshalsea and Lambeth. Lambard states that Henry IV "lodged in an old stone house here while he was cured of leprosie;" and two of Henry's charters are dated here, July, 1412.

St. Mary's Church, close to the Thames Tunnel shaft, was rebuilt in 1736-39, upon the site of the old church, which had stood 400 years. Gataker, the erudite Latin critic, was rector from 1611 to 1654; he was imprisoned in the Fleet by Laud, and is buried in Rotherhithe churchyard. Here also lies Prince Le Boo, a native of the Pelew Islands; over his remains a monument has been erected by the East India Company, in testimony of his father's humane and kind treatment of the crew of the *Antelope*, Captain Wilson, wrecked off Goo-roo-raa, one of the Pelew Islands, on the night of August 9th, 1783. The young Prince Le Boo died in his twentieth year from small-pox, in Captain Wilson's house in Paradise Row, Rotherhithe.

The parish registry, commencing 1556, contains many entries of ages, from ninety to ninety-nine years, some of one hundred and twenty years! Admiral Sir Charles Wager possessed the manor between 1740 and 1750. The brave Admiral Sir John Leake was born here 1756; but Admiral Benbow, stated by Manning and Bray to have been born at Rotherhithe, was a native of Cotton Hill, Shrewsbury.\* Lillo, the dramatist, who wrote "George Barnwell," was a jeweller, living at Rotherhithe in 1745.

A very interesting literary association is Swift's "Captain Gulliver," who, he tells us, was long an inhabitant of Rotherhithe. There is such a reality given to this person by Swift that one seaman is said to have sworn that he knew Captain Gulliver very well, "but he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe." Lord Scarborough was told by the master of a ship that he knew Gulliver very well, but that the printer had made a mistake,—"he lived in Wapping, not at Rotherhithe." "It is as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoken it," was a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff. Rogers, the poet, remarked in the churchyard at Banbury several inscriptions to persons named Gulliver, which inscriptions he found mentioned in "Gulliver's Travels" as a confirmation of Gulliver's statement that his family "came from Oxfordshire," so completely is the joke kept up.

We have spoken of whitebait. Another little fish, though now neglected, is the *twaites shad*, which is found in the Thames towards the middle of July; it was caught as high up the river as Putney, but now rarely passes London Bridge, and is taken in the greatest abundance a little below Greenwich. Shad Thames, a narrow water-side street, was named from the quantities of shad taken here, and in the Thames off Horselydown, and cried about the streets as herrings, mackerel, and sprats now are. Strange fish have strayed here. In 1391 a dolphin, ten feet in length, disported himself in the Thames at London to the bridge. Evelyn tells of a whale, fifty-

eight feet in length, killed between Deptford and Greenwich in 1658. Pennant tells of a two-toothed cachalot, twenty-one feet long, taken above London Bridge in 1783. At Grays a whale of the above length was taken in 1809, and another in 1849.

Rotherhithe, like Wapping, has its numerous docks, and a similar population; but the Surrey side has also its flour-mills and manufactories, and the wharfs for the coasting trade of England, which are all to be found between the Tunnel and London Bridge. The oldest portion of the Commercial Docks, according to Stow, occupies the commencement of Canute's Trench, through which the course of the river was diverted when the first stone bridge across the Thames was built, in the reign of King John. The present Commercial Docks originated in the "Howland Great Wet Dock" in 1660; subsequently the Greenland whale-fishery, with the vessels, houses, boilers, and tanks, was located in this dock. Dodd projected a ship canal from Rotherhithe to Vauxhall. After the whaling trade declined it became the Baltic, and then the Commercial Docks; they extend over 150 acres; the ponds will float 50,000 loads of timber, and the yard will take 4,000,000 deals. The cargo of one timber ship would cover thirty-two acres, were the deals placed side by side. Here also are the Grand Surrey Docks, the new works of which, in 1858, cost upwards of £100,000. The docks of the Thames are of surprising extent: they comprise hundreds of acres of water, surrounded by miles of walls, and sheltering thousands of ships; here have been spent millions of money, and all in about half a century.

The shipping and craft in the river have lost much of their picturesqueness within memory. We miss the tall vessels with their high fore-castle, and the gilded state barges of the Sovereign, the Admiralty, and the City Companies. The steam navigation of the Thames exceeds that of any other river in the world. The first steam-boat left the Thames for Richmond in 1814,\* the next for Gravesend in 1815, and in the same year for Margate. The Gravesend steamer soon superseded the sailing-boats with decks, which, in 1737, had displaced tilt-boats mentioned in the reign of Richard II. The Margate steamers in like manner superseded the "hoy." The steam traffic has attained vast numbers; in the year 1861, 3,207,558 passengers landed and embarked at one pier. The numbers have, however, been greatly reduced by railway competition.

Steam ship-building on the Thames dates from about the year 1836. The largest steam-ship of wood was the *President*, 268 feet in length, and 600 horse-power, lost on her voyage from New York. In iron ship-building the greatest achievement has been the *Great Eastern*, by I. K. Brunel and John Scott Russell, built at Millwall in 1857, length 680 feet. The fastest steamship is the *Mahroussa*, with a speed of twenty miles an hour: she is said to have cost £166,000, and was built in the Thames. The iron ship-building works are of cyclopean vastness; and not only in the bulk, but in the exquisite finish of machinery, are unrivalled.

### OUR DUST-BINS.

DURING the hot months of this year's summer, the subject of dust-bins in their sanitary relations was discussed in the newspapers. A writer in the "Builder"

\* Yet the street is named. In Mr. Serjeant Burke's "Celebrated Naval and Military Trials," are given some very interesting particulars of Admiral Benbow's family; showing there to be no authority for depriving the Salopians of the honour of Benbow's birthplace at Cotton Hill. The above collection of trials has the twofold advantage of being adapted for popular reading, at the same time that the legal and technical details are most carefully given.

\* This was the first steam-boat which *plied for hire* on the Thames. Brunel had previously made a voyage to Margate in a boat of his own, propelled by a double-action engine, and met with such opposition and abuse that the landlord of the hotel where he stopped refused him a bed!



offered some useful suggestions on a matter affecting the health not only of households but of the public generally. These receptacles of all kinds of decaying matter are too often complete fever-nests, offensive to neighbourhoods and dangerous to the inmates of houses. To prevent the deposit of vegetable and animal refuse with cinder-ash, it is suggested that the top of the dust-bin should be covered with a padlocked grating, which would at the same time secure the sifting of ashes—a process which servants are in general too lazy to undertake. It would be also well if local officers of health could be empowered occasionally to visit the basement of houses, in order to ascertain the condition of the dust-bins, drain-pipes, and other matters, too often neglected. An article in the "Quarterly Review" discusses the subject with a wider scope, and contains curious facts about the commercial uses of dust-bins, referring especially to those of London.

The refuse of one household seems an insignificant matter in detail, and not worthy of much attention; but, when it is multiplied by the 500,000 houses in the metropolis, it forms an item of no mean importance, and is of no inconsiderable value. Formerly, the dust-yards, or lay-stalls, as they were called, were conspicuous by their hills of refuse, which towered high over the surrounding houses; upon these highlands swine depastured, and we are told that there was no fattening ground like these dust heaps, full as they were of all kinds of perishing animal and vegetable refuse. But the health of the metropolis was of more importance than the fattening of hogs; and for years past the dust contractors have been obliged to separate and disperse their rubbish as soon as the dust carts arrive. A more interesting example of the use of refuse could not well be afforded than we find in the yards of these dust contractors, nor a more pregnant example of the value in the aggregate of that which householders consider a mere nuisance, to be got rid of as quickly as possible. That which we throw away in the dust-bin day by day, because we fancy it is an eyesore and past repair, is, in fact, but arrived at that stage in its existence at which it is destined to reascend in the scale of value, and once more minister to the wants of men. There is not one particle in the heap the scavenger removes from our houses that is not again, and that speedily, put into circulation and profitably employed. No sooner is the dust conveyed to the yard of the contractor, than it is attacked by what are called the "hill women," who, sieve in hand, do mechanically what the savant does chemically in his laboratory, separate the mass, by a rude analysis, into its elements. The most valuable of these items are the waste pieces of coal, and what is termed the "breeze," or coal-dust and half-burnt ashes. The amount of waste that goes on in London households in this item of coal can hardly be conceived, unless the spectator sees the quantity that is daily rescued in these yards. It may be measured by the fact, that after selling the larger pieces to the poor, the refuse "breeze" is sufficient to bake the bricks that are rebuilding London. Most of the dust contractors are builders as well, and the breeze is used by them for the purpose of embedding the newly-made bricks into compact square stacks, which are seen everywhere in the suburbs of London. The breeze having been fired, the mass burns with a slow combustion, aided by the circulation of air, which is kept up by the method of stacking; and in the course of two or three weeks the London clay is converted into good building material. Thus our houses may be said to arise again from the refuse they have cast out, and not

only are the bricks baked by their aid, but they are built in part with mortar made from the road scrapings, which is pounded granite, and combines very well with the lime and ashes of which the mortar is composed. Nay, even the compo, with which some of the smaller houses are faced, is very largely adulterated with this particular refuse.

The other constituents of the dust heap are separated by the sifters with the utmost rapidity. Round every hillock, as it is emptied, they congregate with their sieves; and in a very short space of time bones, rags, paper, old iron, glass, and broken crockery are eliminated from the mass and piled in separate heaps. The bones are put to a score of different uses. Several tons are picked weekly out of the metropolitan dust; but, of course, this does not represent the whole of the animal refuse of this kind, but only that taken from cooked meat. After we have discussed the joint at the table, there is still much value remaining in the residual bones. They go immediately to the boiling-houses, where every portion of fat and gelatine they can yield is extracted; the former goes to the soap-maker, the latter is utilised to make the patent gelatine packets now in use for a score of different purposes. The bones that possess any size and substance are used by the turners, and are converted into the hundreds of nic-nacks for which they are suitable; possibly, good reader, the same bone you may have picked at dinner re-enters your mouth after many changes in the shape of a tooth-pick or toothbrush! whilst the smaller pieces are calcined, and form the very toothpowder you use with it. But the grand destination of the smaller fragments is the earth. Ground very fine, and treated with sulphuric acid, they make the celebrated superphosphate manure, one of the best known fertilisers. Thus the old bone goes to form and nourish new bones. The wealth of England has attracted towards herself the old bones of half of the Continent, not only animal but human, for many an ancient battle-field has been searched for their valuable remains,—thereby enabling us to grow such splendid crops by supplementing the resources of our fields. Thus the threat of the Giant to Jack—

"Let him be live,  
Or let him be dead,  
I'll grind his bones to make my bread"—

is no fairy tale after all, but a common verity. Another very important product extracted from bones is phosphorus, a constituent of the brain and nervous system, one of the substances which give us light in the match, and without which we and our households would fare but poorly. The fat that is saved in the process of boiling goes, as we have said, to make the commoner kind of soap, or is useful to the arts in a hundred ways. What diverse forms of new life await the old bone as the rag-picker recovers it from the ash-heap! Its substance, in the form of handles of knives, chessmen, paper-knives, etc., mingles with the everyday concerns of life—its hard work and its enjoyments and intellectual amusements; whilst in its fluid and manurial products yet more astonishing changes attend it the moment it falls into the hands of the manufacturer. Its fatty particles give us cleanliness and purification in the form of the "bar of yellow;" and its phosphorus helps to give us ready illumination. The difficulty we feel in dealing with this seeming rubbish, that we kick out of the way with our foot, is to follow it out into the many diverse forms it assumes upon its resurrection.

But there are other articles in the dust-bin which await us—for instance, there are scraps of paper. These are

all carefully sorted, the white from the coloured and the printed. The soiled pieces, which cannot be profitably re-manufactured as paper, are used to make papier-maché ornaments, or dolls'-heads, etc.; the clean paper is returned to the mill, and even the printed paper has the ink discharged from it, and goes again into circulation. Old rags, of course, are valuable to the paper-maker, although the discovery of other materials will possibly render this form of waste not quite so important a matter in his eyes as it was some time ago. But what can be the destination of greasy dish-clouts? Woollen material, if clean, does not descend to the earth in the scale of civilisation; but there is too much grease in the dish-clout to go again to the mill, so it is destined to nourish the noble hop in the Kentish grounds. As the old saying has it, "When things are at their worst they mend." Woollen rags, if they happen to be dyed scarlet, are treated for the recovery of their cochineal, which is very valuable for dyeing purposes, etc.; and other valuable coloured rags are separated to be ground up and make flockpaper. But these are fancy uses: the great market for all old woollen fabrics which are too tattered to be worn, is the town of Batley and its neighbourhood, in Yorkshire, the great Shoddy metropolis. To use the words of a contemporary:—

"Not the least important of the manufacturing towns is Batley, the chief seat of the great latter-day staple of England, Shoddy. This is the famous rag-capital, the tatter-metropolis, whither every beggar in Europe sends his cast-off gentility of moth-eaten coats, frowzy jackets, worn-out linen, offensive cotton, and old worsted stockings—this is their last destination. Reduced to filaments and greasy pulp by mighty-toothed cylinders, the much-vexed fabrics re-enter life in the most brilliant forms—from solid pilot cloths to silky mohairs and glossiest tweed. Thus the tail-coat rejected by the Irish peasant, the gabardine too fine for the Polish beggar, are turned again to shiny uses; reappearing, it may be, in the lustrous paletot of the sporting dandy, the delicate riding-habit of the Belgravian belle, or the sad, sleek garment of the Confessor. Such, oh reader, is shoddy!"

We all remember how "Devil's dust" was denounced some years ago in Parliament. If it were not for this shoddy which created it, the clothes of Englishmen, both rich and poor, would be augmented in price at least five-and-twenty per cent. As it is, a cheaper woollen garment can be purchased now than thirty years ago, notwithstanding that the expenses of living have considerably augmented since that time. Formerly these old woollen rags went to the land; but since they have been brought back to their old uses, an enormous quantity of cloth-making material has been added to the general stock. As long ago as 1858, it was estimated that 38,880,000 lbs. of this rag-wool are annually worked up into cloth, and this quantity was quite irrespective of the importations from abroad, which were very large indeed. In the nine years that have elapsed since that time the quantity must have greatly increased, yielding a quantity of wool equal to many million fleeces annually! Cotton and woollen rags are both valuable commodities when separate, but of late years it has been the custom to weave the cotton and the woollen together. The warp being of the latter material and the weft of the former, thus mixed together they were both spoilt, as they could neither be converted into paper nor cloth. Many endeavours have accordingly been made to separate them. One of these for a time succeeded. The woollen fabric was saved, and the cotton destroyed; but it has, we believe, been found that the felting qualities of the

wool thus rescued were injured by the process adopted. Within these last few years the original process has been reversed. These "Union fabrics" are now placed in a closed receiver, and subjected to steam at a very high temperature. The result is that the cotton comes out pure and fit for the paper-maker; the wool is reduced to a dark brown powder, known as the "ultimate of ammonia," and is employed to enrich manures which are poor in nitrogen. So much for old rags.

But we are far from having exhausted the contents of the dust-bin yet. There is the old iron, battered saucepans, housemaids' old pails, rusty hoops, horse-shoes, and nails from the road. All soldered articles have the solder extracted from them (as it is more valuable than the iron), and the cheaper metal is then remelted. The horse-shoe nails are not mixed with the common cast-iron, as they are much sought after by gun-makers for the purpose of making Stubb twist barrels. This is a roundabout way to get tough iron it is true, and it remains as an instance of an improved product brought about by accident: it is like the Chinese method of discovering roast pig. Perhaps, following out this idea, some quicker and less laborious method of making cohesive gun-barrels will be discovered than the banging of horses' feet upon the granite pavement.

Scraps of iron, it is found, may be made very useful in securing the copper that runs away in the streams washing veins of copper pyrites. In the Mona Company's mines in North Wales, old pieces of battered iron are placed in tanks into which these streams are collected; the copper quickly incrusts the iron, and in process of time entirely dissolves it, so that a mass of copper takes the place of the iron. The residuum, in the shape of a coloured deposit, is at times taken out, dried, and smelted. Before the adoption of this plan, a great deal of copper escaped as a refuse into the sea. Indeed, this simple laboratory device has become, during the last few years, an expedient on the manufacturing scale: the poorest copper ores, which at one time did not even pay for working, now have the metal extracted from them at a profit, by a process of which this is the penultimate stage.

Glass, so much of which in its manufactured form is destroyed in our households, is carefully collected, and of course goes again to the melting-pot. The most fragile and destructible of materials when manufactured, it is, perhaps, one of the most indestructible of all known substances; and very possibly there is plenty of it which has been melted over and over again for centuries, now doing good service in the world. Glass bottles, especially physic bottles, go to the dust-yards with great regularity, and with the same regularity they find their way back to the druggists' shops, going the same dull round year after year, and no doubt are present at the death of many to whom they have ministered. Old boots and shoes, when not too far gone, find their way to Monmouth Street, Seven Dials, where they are patched up with heelball, and made to look decent, even if they should not prove very serviceable. In any case, good sound pieces of leather are turned to account. India-rubber goloshes, and all articles made of caoutchouc, whether vulcanized or not, are remelted and mixed with the new gum, the refuse being obtainable at from 17l. to 18l. per ton, and the raw material at not less than 200l. a ton.

The dust-heap is now pretty well exhausted; there is the soft core and the hard core, the decaying vegetable matter, and the broken crockery. The former goes to feed the pigs, and the latter makes excellent foundations for roads.

At the  
the b  
of Sa  
morni  
rains  
of the  
a site,  
with  
severa  
No.